THE Numb. 42.

Female Tatler.

By Mrs. Crackenthorpe, *a Lady that knows every thing.*

From **Monday** October 10, to **Wednesday** October 12, 1709.

WELL! I find People do, and Write what I pleaſe will go on in their own way ſtill; *Lucilius* is the very ſame Man he was before I ſet up for his Inſtructor, *Cleomira* will hearken to no manner of Advice, but goes to *Church* in order to be *abſolv'd* of her *Sins*, and *Sins* again in order to go to *Church* and be thought *Penitent*. 'Tis none of my Fault that the World is not Wiſer, but theſe Poor Brains of mine work to no purpoſe; if I tell a certain new faſhion'd Gentleman his Faults, the young Squire *Richard*, his Son, makes no Bones of diſcovering his Reſentment, but ſwears by all that's Good, that I am guilty of *Scandalum Magnatum*; or if I point at a particular *Vice*, it is always own'd, and laid hold of by a particular *Perſon*. For ſhame, Gentlemen and Ladies, diſmiſs your Follies, and bid Adieu to your Indiſcretions, that this *Tatler* of mine may have no Subject to go upon, and conſequently be ſuppreſs'd without your making Intereſt with Authority. The end of *Satyr* is *Reformation*, and this would be of more Force than your *Societies* for that purpoſe, were it duly obſerv'd and hearken'd to, without being miſcontru'd *Defamation*. You are told your Faults in order to amend 'em, and if Characters are drawn that are injurious to your Reputations, what have you to do but to diſown 'em, ſince mine is the *Saleſman's* Caſe, and ev'ry one of you might paſs for *Wiſe* and *Virtuous*, would you not think your ſelves reflected upon for being otherwiſe. The Caſe I ſpoke of is told in Verſe by a Friend of mine, who is *Poetically* inclin'd in theſe very Words.

A Drolling ſort of Fellow made
A Party-colour'd *Coat,*
Fit for the Merry-Andrew *Trade,*
Or Fools *of* Greater *Note;*
And amongſt other Goods he Sold,
He hung it out for Sale,
Which being to ſome Neighbours told,
They threatned him with Goal;
And ſtorm'd and ſwore moſt bloodyly,
They'd ſwinge the Raſcal off,
And teach ſuch Scoundrel Rogues as he,
At Citizen to Scoff.
Believe me, cry'd the Saleſman, I
Am mightily in the Wrong,
Knowing ſuch Chaps to live ſo nigh,
And let it hang ſo long.
I made the Coat *'tis very true,*
All *Fools to Ridicule,*
But if 'tis own'd by one of You,
'Tis He *that makes the* Fool.

But I am under much greater Apprehenſions than the Story makes this Fellow to be encompaſs'd with, and *Preſentments* and *Informations* are not enough for me, but am threatned with *Miſchiefs*, which one would think my Sex might excuſe me from, and are but too Deſtructive of my Repoſe in the following Letter. Tho' 'tis hop'd, he that has forgot that he writes to a *Woman*, will not ſo much forget himſelf to be a Man, as to put theſe Threatings in Practice.

SIR,

'I Caſt my Eyes by *Chance* upon your *Female Tatler*, No. 30. and was *deſir'd* to obſerve an unmannerly 'Reflection, under the Character of *Æthiopian Ballad-Singer*, &c. I am too well *acquainted* with your *Humour* and your *Perſon*, to expect a *Reaſon* in Juſtification of your Actions, and therefore only think it 'worth my while to tell you, that as I have no Concern in the Paper or *Society* you make ſo free with, ſo 'I deſire to have leſs with you; and if I ſhall at any 'time hereafter, perceive the ſmalleſt of your Sidelong 'Glances of Abuſe aim'd at me, (*I uſe no Ceremony*) *I* 'will take the readieſt way to *force* my ſelf a Satisfaction, and *cut your Noſe off*, for a *decent* means of 'Retaliation.

Your Servant,

Octob. 1: 1709. A. H.

'You may hear of me at my Lodgings at Mr *Hubbard's* in *Weſt Ham* by *Stratford*, and if you care not 'to believe my Hand Writing, I will tell you ſo by 'word of Mouth, if you'll make me a Viſit.

Sweet Scented *Sir*, your humble Servant again, tho' you ſeem to point me out for a Woman, in ſaying you are too well *acquainted with my Perſon and Humour*, to expect a *Reaſon* from me; you uſe me like a Man, and I muſt tell you, that I care as little to have any *Concern* with you, as you wou'd have with me: But for your *Decent* means of Retaliation in cutting my Noſe off, and your Invitation to your Lodgings, I bleſs my Stars, I am more of a *Chriſtian* than to comply with 'em; for by ſo doing, I ſhou'd be guilty of Self Murther as well as your ſelf, who, amongſt other Readings, have without doubt, read the *Coventry Act*; and you may ſatisfy your ſelf, that I'll believe your Hand Writing ſo very much, as to make it my endeavour to keep out of the reach of your Dead doing Hand. So much for one Letter, now for another.

Mrs

Mrs. Crackenthorpe,

'I Cannot but wonder at the Impudence of a parcel of *Mechanick* Fellows, I mean the Train-Band Officers, who, as you find by the inclos'd, have presumed to correct the Foot Exercise now used in our Army, which was form'd by one of the nicest Soldiers now in Being, *(viz)* Mr. *B*—— and that by the Command and Approbation of the Duke of *Marlborough* and several other Generals. We beg you would lash them according to their Deserts, and if possible, let it be in your next, which will highly oblige

Your Friends, *&c.*

Several Officers in the Army.

I am yours again and again, *Gentlemen*, and to wonder at Impudence in Citizens I must tell you, shews you are very liable to the Gift of Admiration: But I forget to read your enclos'd, which is the Title of the Book you will find fault with, and runs thus. *The compleateſt Abbreviation of the whole Art Military, ever yet extant, wherein the Martinet now us'd in our Army,* is corrected, *and freed from above* 200 *Errors, and made much more useful. The whole Art carefully done by* Major J. Showrey, *Author of the Artilley Exercise, June 29th ult.* Major Gregory, Capt. Hattelly, *and* Capt. Actown. *Being a Committee appointed by the Court of Assistants of the* Honourable *Artillery Company, belonging to the City of* London, *for that purpose.* For what purpose says I? Since Writing of Books is none of their Talent, tho' Fighting may, and *Pewterers, Gunsmiths* and *Brush-makers*, might be thought fitter for other Duties than those of the Pen. Yet at the same time, *Gentlemen of the Army*, these very *Train-Bands* you seem to speak so slightly of have been terrible Fellows at *Edge-Hill* and *Marston Moor*, and could they be once perswaded to be as Valiant on the side of their Prince, as they have been against him, might be once more reputed notable Fellows. However, to oblige you, I'll turn Poet my self, and since to lash the City might be of dangerous Consequence, especially in Sessions Time, I'll give you my Thoughts of the Matter by way of Allusion.

A Thoughtless Ass as e'er was seen
In Meadow, Field or Stable,
Desir'd to learn an Air and Mein
From Spaniel that was sleek and clean,
And frisk'd about his Master's Table.
His Parts he thought as bright, as were
The best of the Creation,
And Intellects enough to Spare,
With Education to compare
With any Dog's of the Nation.
He saw the Spaniel bound and leap
When e'er his Lord appear'd,
And Compliment him with a skip,
And lick his Cheeks, and lick his Li
And as he saw it leer'd.
Thought Animal both wise and sage,
If this be your salute,
I'll do the same I dare Engage,
And any moderate Wager wage,
I'm as well bred a Brute.
And took the time when loose and freed,
He saw his Master come,
To shew that Shock could not exceed
The Manners of his Courtly Breed
With all his Tricks at Home.
And up he rais'd his lazy Feet,
And lick'd him o'er and o'er,
Glad that th' occasion he could meet,
To shew how dextrous he could Greet,
And do what Shock *had done before.*
When to his Slaves the Master cry'd,
Dick, Tom *and* Harry *come,*
Help me to Thrash this Rascal's Hide,
That now to Murther me has try'd,
Let Flogging be his Doom.

Woe's me! said Ass of sober Face,
I see my vain Design;
The Dogs is quite another Case,
He does the Duties of his Place,
But his are none of Mine.

The Majors, and the Captains may apply this and go about their Business, for I have other Business upon my Hands, and must take my leave of them for this time.

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